

the Monster Times

"Say It Loud,
We're Hacks And
We're Proud!..."



So says the Schlockthropus, star of a new monster movie spook called SCHLOCK (see page 9), and we couldn't agree with him more. Mainly because this is our long-promised and (hopefully) equally long-awaited All-Mumbling, All-Stumbling, All-Low Budget, All-Worst Issue an issue wherein you will...

SEE! THE CANDID CONFESSIONS OF A MONSTER MOVIE MOGUL!

SEE! THE 50 WORST MONSTER MOVIES EVER MADE!

SEE! COMIC BOOKS THAT CAN RUIN YOUR MIND!

SEE! TEENAGE MONSTERS RUN AMOK THROUGH CHEAP CARDBOARD SETS!

SEE! THE MONSTER TIMES COURAGEOUSLY BATTLE THE FORCES OF GOOD TASTE, ARTISTIC MERIT, AND REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE TO BRING YOU THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SUPER-SPECIAL SCHLOCK & SHOCK ISSUE... THE WORST OF THE MONSTER TIMES!!

So take a deep breath, hold onto your head, and prepare yourself for the Worst. (And remember: Mediocrity Lives!)

Question: What was the best monster musical of 1964? Answer: **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH**—which also happened to have the distinction of being the **ONLY** monster musical of 1964. It also had the additional honor of being one of the **WORST** movies of that or any other year, managing not only to merge bad rock'n'roll with atrocious acting, inept direction, and ludicrous fish monsters, but to singlehandedly revive the long-dead black stereotype of the lovable, obese Negro maid, complete with shuffling feet and frequent shouts of "Yassuh!" All things considered, **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH** seemed the paws-down choice to kick off our Worst Issue, and TMT scare scholar Jason Thomas turned in the following frightful filmbook of that understandably unsung opus that asked the musical question: Can a horde of lonely mutants find happiness and fulfillment in the alien environs of a small Long Island community inhabited solely by terrible Grade Z actors? For the answer to that and other vital questions, read on!



"Come on in, the radiation's fine!" invites monstrous sea mutant preparing to surface on Party Beach where he and crew turn cohorts plan to spend their summer vacation taking in not only the view, but several swimmery locals too.

This Party Beach beast might not give the CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON much competition, but at least he knows where his next meal is coming from.

A tugboat chags its lazy way out to sea, carrying a dangerous cargo: large drums filled with radioactive waste material. When the vessel roaches a predesignated spot, its crew members dump the "hot" cans over the side. Naturally, one of the containers hits a sharp rock or other obstacle and springs a leak as soon as it hits bottom, spreading the lethal contents throughout the murky water and suffocating the poor fish. Subsequently, tiny sea organisms are drawn to some skeletons that happen to be lying around (apparently damped by another tugboat). They swarm around the bones, and before long the intense radiation causes the living creatures to adhere to the calcium. Within moments, incredibly dumb-looking monsters begin to form! As soon as the unbelievable transformation is completed, the fanged sea beasts start to move, and one of the hungry little devils makes its way toward the surface!

MONSTERS ON THE MOVE!

A hit later, a sexy young lady just happens to be getting a suntan while lying on the rocks near "world famous" Party Beach. Not too far away, a multitude of

college students, motorcycle creeps, and beach bums are grooving on what appears to be a free concert for lovers of awful rock and roll music, performed by the illustrious DelAires. The bikini-clad woman is alone, of course, unaware that one of the new-born sea creatures is treading water and ogling her from a distance. The voyeuristic monster decides to get a closer look at the beauty and quietly climbs up on the rocks and creeps toward her. Predictably, she does not see the fiendish thing until it is almost upon her. Once she does, though, she starts screaming bloody murder! The poor, frightened monster gets understandably anxious and decides to quiet her by slashing her to pieces.

Somehow hearing the frantic cries over the blaring music, the people leave the party to find out what is wrong. A moment later, someone spots the unfortunate victim. The crowd runs to look and/or help, and the sight that greets them is one of a horribly mangled woman. She is lying on her stomach, right where she was washed up on the beach.

The headline of the next edition of *The Daily Tribune* dramatically reads, "Sea



Del Tesney, who wrote, produced and directed this epic, later went on to top himself with **EAT YOUR SKIN**.





Monster Kills Girl" Off to one side, just below the gruesome photograph of the mangled-up victim, is an article entitled, "Panic in New York; Menagerie Breaks Loose."

Since the wounds were "obviously" made by some kind of wild animal, and because there were particles of green scale tissue found under the woman's fingernails, the astute town police are immediately convinced that the murderer is a sea monster! So is everyone else in the immediate vicinity. (This is probably the first and last time in movie history that the authorities are willing to believe the truth right off the bat.)

Late that night, two girls are walking home from a dance. They are pretty jittery, mainly because the streets are so dark. One of the females thinks that she hears someone following them. But no one else is about—except for a hungry monster, which is about... to pounce on them! They scream, the attacker roars, and death claims two more.

The headline of the next edition of *The Daily Tribune* dramatically reads, "Monsters Strike Again!" Off to one side, just below the gruesome photograph of the mangled-up victims, is an article entitled, "Panic in New York; Menagerie Breaks Loose."

CREATURES CRASH TEEN BASH

The following evening, Elaine Gavin, the neurotic daughter of the friendly neighborhood scientist who's investigating the murders, turns down an invitation to a sorority slumber party. There are quite a few pajama-clad girls in attendance (realistically, all of them are attractive), and they think that some members of a fraternity are planning to crash the affair. In anticipation of the expected intruders, the teenage cuties set up a harmless booby trap at the door. Soon afterward, the girls hear movement outside. They turn out the lights and grab pillows to heat the guys with. As they wait in the darkness, the unidentified figures approach the house. Suddenly, the booby trap is triggered, and the girls rush forward—right into the open arms of a monster! Other creatures smash their way in through the windows and the back door, and they waste no time in ripping apart the screaming dolls! Only a few girls manage to escape with their lives. The others are torn to shreds in a mass orgy of blood.

The headline of the next edition of *The Daily Tribune* dramatically reads, "Mass Murder at Slumber Party!" Off to one side, next to the gruesome photograph of the mangled-up victims, is an article entitled, "Panic in New York; Menagerie Breaks Loose."

The wily murderers get sassier, and their attacks increase. An attractive girl is swimming alone in a private pool, and suddenly a monster pops up and joins her!

To think that these ambitious sea creatures started life as mere skeletons remains wasting away on the ocean floor. But thanks to modern science they were able to enjoy lush, satisfying lives carrying out intricate acts of wanton destruction.



The water turns a deep red as she is slaughtered—in broad daylight! That evening, three young women drive through the plagued town on their way to New York. Toward sunset, they suffer a flat tire on a forest road near Glenwood Quarry. As soon as night falls, the sea-things come out of the nearby water, their inhuman senses leading them straight to the car, where they immediately massacre the delectable damsels. Later on, a pair of drunks leave a party. Seeing a parked truck, they go over and ask the driver where the nearest bar is. He does not answer, and they see that he is dead. His face is half-gone, evidence that the merciless creatures struck right in the middle of town!

Not all of the victims are found. Some are carried into the water and brought to the contaminated area. After they are turned into beasties, they go around

killing other people and bringing some of them to be transformed into dumb-looking sea creatures. (Apparently, only the most attractive folks are chosen to become blood fiends.) Thus, the ranks of the inhumans are always on the increase, sort of like with vampires, while the normal populace declines in kind.

HORRIBLE HOMICIDES HIT HOME!

The number of unexplained homicides soon exceeds 30, and the locals are really flipping out. No one is safe! At the urgings of the police, hardly anyone ventures out after dark anymore (including the police). Party Beach is renamed Dead Man's Surf, and all the hip musicians are starving because there are no more gigs. Everybody hates the messy monsters, especially the town's sanitation department.

The headline of the next edition of *The Daily Tribune* dramatically reads, "Monsters Still at Large!" Off to one side, next to the gruesome photograph of a mangled-up victim, is an article entitled, "Panic in New York; Menagerie Breaks Loose."

One night the authorities get a break. As the monsters emerge from their

See monster heads for nearby town to pick up a copy of *THE DAILY TRIBUNE* and read his favorite headline: "See Monsters Still at Large!"

natural habitat and enter the town, one of the uglies sees some mannequins in a department store window. The aquatic dummy moves closer, thinking that the wooden dummies are real. It wonders why they do not try to flee as it draws closer, but it doesn't really care whether they do or not. Suddenly, the head finds that something is blocking its advance! Angered by the invisible barrier, it smashes its way through the window and assaults the figure! When it is quite finished, it moves on, thoroughly disappointed that there's no blood to drink. But one of its hands remains behind, severed by the thick glass. It writhes in the soft light of the store, wondering where the rest of its stupid body is.

Doctor Gavin and the police examine the still-living hand in the scientist's basement laboratory. After a while, Gavin astutely deduces that the limb is composed of microscopic sea life that was somehow mutated by atomic radiation. He

Pajama partying girls are dismayed to find that visitors are not college pranksters but hungry monsters.



explains that, since each cell is totally independent of the others, no portion of the creatures can die unless complete disintegration takes place. He really lowers the proverbial boom by stating that the beasts need human blood and other precious stuff like that to survive.

LOVABLE STEREOTYPE THWARTS MONSTER!

Quite unexpectedly, Estabrooke, Gavin's lovable old Negro cook, enters the lab and sees the moving hand. She screams that it's alive and accidentally overturns a beaker full of sodium. As soon as the chemical hits the severed hand, the limb bursts into flames! Seconds later, there is a bright flash of light, and the hand is almost totally disintegrated! Doctor Gavin takes a look, and determines that the creepy sea organisms are dead. The frightened woman apologizes for her actions, completely unaware that she has saved the world.

The police, Dr. Gavin, Elaine and some other volunteers begin searching for the radioactive monsters with geiger counters provided by the local civilian defense unit. Chemical warehouses are contacted by Doctor Gavin's assistant, and a large supply of sodium is amassed in a hurry.

Later, Dr. Gavin returns home and asks the cook where his daughter is. She informs him that Elaine is searching for the monsters over at Glenwood Quarry—alone! (Smart move!) Remembering that three women had been killed near there, Gavin panics and tells his gaping companion to send the police over to the quarry right away. Grabbing all the sodium he has in his laboratory, he sets out to find his dull-witted daughter.

Meanwhile, Elaine is being chased by a bunch of the slow-moving creatures. Although she manages to break her ankle between some rocks, she continues to run in terror. Just as the slobbering beasts are about to begin chomping on her, Daddy arrives! He starts throwing the sodium, and the beasts light up and go snap, crackle and pop! By this time, it is past nightfall. The darkness is pierced by the creatures as they momentarily erupt into incandescent flames. As soon as the chemical touches them, they ignite!

Unfortunately, the time soon comes for Doctor Gavin to tell his shrieking daughter that their small supply of sodium has run out. The inhuman attackers are overjoyed by this news, and they see their opportunity for revenge. Gavin and Elaine try to flee, but the scientist gets himself mauled by the monsters! He is not killed



See monster strikes again; this time a young swimmer is the victim. The Party Beach creatures rank among the greediest ever to stalk across the ocean.



Men mangled by murderous member of monstrous menagerie. While the monsters preferred a steady diet of pretty girls, they'd settle for anything—even truckdrivers—in a pinch.

(strangely enough, everyone else whom the fish-faces grabbed were out for good). The fiends plan to do Elaine in next, but the town's entire police force—three men—arrives in time to save her. (A lot of the cops must have quit when they heard about the creatures.) Leading them, naturally, is her brave, scientist-type boyfriend.

MONSTERS MEET FIERY FINISH—WORLD SAVED!

The footloose rescuers burn a path to the terrified woman and then huddle around her. The monsters, their numbers apparently without limit, keep charging. More and more arrive, only to be turned into small-scale fireworks displays by the good guys. Night seems to turn to day with the frequent bursts of light. Thick layers of smoke swarm all around the fighters. Many creatures are set aflame, but even more come to replace them. The sodium supply dwindles, but the angry beasts continue their onslaught. Miraculously (isn't it always that way?), the chemical lasts just long enough to destroy all of the sea-things. The remains of the monsters continue to snap, crackle and pop as the weary heroes help Dr. Gavin and his homely daughter to the waiting cars.

The threat is over, but one day the monsters may rise again from the ocean—to the regret of moviegoers everywhere.



Last of the Party Beach beasts waves goodbye before going up in flames at the top-winded conclusion of THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH, a movie that will be long remembered by monster fans of a mesochistic bent.

HORROR OF PARTY BEACH (1964) 52 minutes.
Produced and directed by Del Tenney.
Screenplay by Richard Hillard. Starring John Scott, Anne Lynn, Alan Leland, Madge Clark, Eustace Mace.

Picking the worst comic books ever produced is no easy task. Most of the comic books ever produced could be classified as some of the worst comic books ever produced. You could make a solid case for just about anything ever to hit the comic racks.

But, as cream always rises to the top (or so the milk people tell us), the ultimate products of comic schlock also stand out. And here to give those offending comics their just desserts is Doug Murray, eminent comic book scholar, who knows garbage when he sees it. (Which is a good virtue to have when you're an eminent comic scholar!)

Picking the Worst Comic Book Ever is no easy task. There have been so many candidates for that dubious honor over the years that selecting only one is well-nigh impossible. Striving to be fair, I have eliminated all titles before 1955—reasoning that books done in that period, from the monstrous Atlas fantasy comics to the many atrocious superheroes, were done for a different, less sophisticated audience and, as such, would be unfairly judged by current criteria.

Further, I eliminated all titles designed for special interests. Thus all those Romance titles from Night Nurse to Young Love, and all the funny animal titles, from Woody Woodpecker to the Houndcats, are out. After these eliminations, then, and a careful perusal of the remaining material, I narrowed the list to the following four:

THE SHADOW—Archie Comics
THE GEEK—National
PREZ—National
DRACULA—Dell.

THE SHADOW was another of the Archie Group's many attempts to enter the superhero field. After limited success with Fly Man, the Jaguar, and the Mighty Crusaders, the powers-that-be at Archie hit upon the idea of taking an old, established character (The Shadow), up-dating him and using him as a comic superhero. Borrowing the basic schtick of the old radio Shadow (invisibility through hypnosis) and adding certain embellishments (a purple costume and mask), Archie took their revamped character and tossed him on an unsuspecting world. The results were, to say the least, less than satisfying. Those who remembered the original Shadow with fondness (and there were many) were appalled at this lackluster, tasteless imitation. Those new to the character were simply appalled. The mag quickly faded into the obscurity it so richly deserved.

The Shadow doesn't deserve the title of Worst Ever, however. The idea of resurrecting the most popular hero of the forties was a good one, and had the Archie people been more true to the original, perhaps the book would have been a success, as National's version (with a fine, painstaking period art of Mike Kaluta) now is. In any case, it deserves the label of a good try.

The cover of the debut issue of **THE GEEK** announced: "Here is the Real Life Story of the Simon-Kirby team. Joe had decided to strike out on his own and convinced National to give him a shot at a couple of his own creations. **The Geek** was Brother Power, an abandoned tailor's dummy that, when struck by lightning, was given life, fantastic strength, and less than fantastic intelligence. Betrayed by the young hippies who had an inadvertent hand in his creation, the Geek was soon using his powers to fight against the oppressions of 'normal' society and the depredations of other splinter groups (biker gangs for the most part).



SIMON STRIKES OUT

THE GEEK was Joe Simon's first comeback attempt at National. Tired of spending years as the second banana of the Simon-Kirby team, Joe had decided to strike out on his own and convinced National to give him a shot at a couple of his own creations. **The Geek** was Brother Power, an abandoned tailor's dummy that, when struck by lightning, was given life, fantastic strength, and less than fantastic intelligence. Betrayed by the young hippies who had an inadvertent hand in his creation, the Geek was soon using his powers to fight against the oppressions of "normal" society and the depredations of other splinter groups (biker gangs for the most part).

THE WORLD'S WORST COMICS



This snappy inside cover from Dell's **DRACULA** #1 shows you how to become a superhero in three quick, easy-to-follow steps. Advertised by Dell as a "Collectors Issue," **DRACULA** was voted by comics maven Murray as the Worst Comic Ever Produced.

This book, badly written (especially the dialogue), poorly drawn in typical Simon style, still doesn't deserve the title of Worst Ever. The basic underlying story of **The Geek** is an allegory. Indeed, the Geek's rise from shop foreman with many more advances ahead of him is typical Horatio Alger stuff and does have a place in the American mythos.

PREZ is Joe Simon's latest attempt at that elusive comeback. After the demise of the Geek, Simon had gone back to his editorial chores at National and plotted his return. The result was **Prez**. **Prez** is the first teenaged President of the U.S. Initially given his start by a political boss, **Prez** soon declares his independence and his intention to do his best for his countrymen.

The book's main weakness is the unreality of the whole situation. The Boss has a Happy Face, just like those smile buttons you see everywhere, and the idea that a political unknown, a teenager, from back-country America could rise to immediate National Prominence is a naive one at best.

Again though, the book's saving grace is the fact that its premise is one in keeping with our national ideals. The idea that anyone, no matter how humble, can become president (untrue though it might be) is a cornerstone of the American political system—or at least the American political fantasy. Again, like **The Shadow** and **The Geek**, the basic idea of **Prez** saves it from winning the title of Worst Ever.

due to the
horrifying
nature of
this film,
no one will
be admitted
to the theatre.

SCHLOCK

COLOR PG

Schlock puts up prohibitive paw to prevent moviegoers from seeing his film. SCHLOCK's distributors also seem to be doing a pretty good job of sparing Schlock from his potential fans.

A sinister series of bizarre banana murders leaves a terror trail of discarded peels and broken bodies in its wake! The killings are so brutal that even the placid residents of Los Angeles are forced to react! Fear grips the city of smog, stars and cars as the body count continues to rise! Who or what is responsible? Why, it is the schlockthropus—a menacing simian as slippery as the banana peels he leaves at the scenes of his crimes and the star of a new monster movie spoof called SCHLOCK. TMT Media Editor tells all about it below...

GO APE, YOUNG MAN

Is it King Kong? Mighty Joe Young? Or maybe the TMT apt? Nope, it's SCHLOCK, from the film of the same name now making the rounds of the neighborhood theatres in an attempt to bring some sorely-needed humor into the jugular vein. SCHLOCK is a missing link—a schlockthropus—released from an icy prison to go on a rampage of banana murders in Los Angeles. SCHLOCK, played by creator/director John Landis, is a sort of simian Buster Keaton, who has a comedic flare for the old, time-worn apeman theme worked to death in countless B films. SCHLOCK was never intended to be a serious horror film and as such might be a letdown for those who go into it expecting another ape-thriller.

SCHLOCK has a whole list of interesting characters to use as foils. His arch enemy is Detective Sgt. Wino of the L.A. Police. Assisting Sgt. Wino is TV newsman Joe Putman, who holds a body count contest on live television as the banana murders progress. They are called "banana murders" because at the scene of each of the mini-massacres, piles of banana peels are found mixed with the piles of corpses.

ECLECTIC APEMAN

Producer James O'Rourke and writer-director Landis have taken great pains to cover as much monster ground as possible when lampooning their prey... everything

every
body
needs
milk

even

SCHLOCK

COLOR PG

Schlock enjoys a mouthful of milk during a break in the anti-social action. SCHLOCK, "Wighiter than King Kong" and "Larger than The Incredible Shrinking Man," was completed many moons ago but has yet to see release in New York theaters.

from KING KONG to TROG THE TERRIBLE. They have Schlock visit supermarkets, bestres showing horror films, and even spoof the famous, monster-meets-child scene from FRANKENSTEIN. Some of the bits are nonsensical, however, and geared for the younger audience. This spoils the fun for the serious horror fan who can appreciate a few well-placed barbs about those dreadful apeman films we all have had to suffer through... like the George Zucco apeman in his rancorous cost.

The professional make-up for the schlockthropus was created by 20-year-old Rick Baker, who learned his craft well at the elbow of TV make-up expert Dick Smith. Smith did the make-up for the TV versions of DORIAN GREY and JERYL & HYDE, and recently, with Baker, did the terror-filled movie version of THE EXORCIST. Baker was honored by the knowledge that he received praise from John Chambers, who created the PLANET OF THE APES make-ups, for his own bestial creation.

Of course, there were problems with the film. For instance, director Landis saved time by driving to work in his car—and in his Schlock make-up. Imagine the sight of a large ape in glasses and straw hat driving a Pinto up the freeway at rush hour!

Monster comedies that are intended as comedies are rare and SCHLOCK is the best one yet, despite its flaws. Most of the flaws result from a lack of control over the situations which tend to grow silly and become devoid of style or meaning. Is an ape playing a piano really that funny?

BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

Schlock takes a young triand in paw and scrutinizes poster from KING KONG VS. GODZILLA, no doubt dreaming of the day when he can make it into the heavyweight monster class.

"the first musical monster movie in years."

Taken at face value, SCHLOCK is a brilliant attempt at monster humor which comes off in part and fails at some strategic moments. The action, however, holds your attention even through some of the most routinely dull acting in years. That's one of the problems with these amateur productions—the lack of resources. I know that all aspiring actors need a chance to air their talents but, with all due respect for the producers and distributors, not in a theatre at three bucks a throw. For that same fee I can get Heston, McDowell and a host of finer actors. If SCHLOCK is intended to compete, then future "schlocks" should concentrate on acting—the essence of any film because acting makes even the most improbable scene believable if done well—and not on fancy make-up, regardless of how well-done. Some of the most terrifying films ever done had no visible monsters.

So if you're rich or if there is a good double bill, invest your three clams for a few chuckles and some of those banana murders. SCHLOCK is a neat experiment.

TWIN TEEN TERROR-BILL!

The most amazing
motion picture
of our time!

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

YVONNE LINE • WHIT BISSELL • TONY MARSHALL

Produced by HERMAN COHEN • Directed by GENE FOWLER Jr. • Screenplay by RALPH P...

STARRING
MICHAEL
LONDON
star of
"BONANZA"

Body of a BOY...mind of a MONSTER...soul of an unearthly THING!

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

STARRING

WHIT BISSELL-PHYLLIS COATES-ROBERT BURTON-GARY CONWAY

Produced by HERMAN COHEN • Directed by HERBERT L. STROCK • Screenplay by KENNETH LAMONT

Michael London is the high school troublemaker whose transformation into the prepubescent lycanthrope gave him license to unleash his adolescent aggression and teenage lust. Together with the Teenage Frankenstein, he started a teen terror trend that lasted for almost two whole years.

TMT Editor Joe Kane has been busily ruining eye & mind alike watching awful monster movies ever since he was knee-high to a popcorn machine. While he's still knee-high to most popcorn machines, he now ruins his mind. WRITING about his monstrous movie memories. A former teenager himself (and not a very exemplary one at that), he now turns his attention to the Teenage Monster craze of the 50s, an eerie area that, even in the midst of the current Grease Age nostalgia boom, has gone largely overlooked. He seeks to explain why below...

As anyone who went through the Grease Age of the 50s and lived to tell about it knows, teenagers were a much-maligned minority in those dark days, misunderstood fiends capable of striking terror into the fast-beating hearts of intimidated adults with a single flick of the switchblade. And during the 50s, after decades of horror movies ruled by over-middled monsters, Hollywood shock merchants discovered that teenagers could be every bit as chilling and profitable as the genre's more deceptively characters—senile mad doctors, zodiacal aliens, varicose vampires and downright prehistoric monsters. Besides, it just didn't seem right that the horror movie screen, which was largely staked at by teenagers and pre-adolescents, continue to be dominated, like the rest of the world, by tired-blood junkies and other monsters of the Then Generation. A lot of our standard monsters were well past their prime and, frankly, it was beginning to show. Many of them looked like they should have been worrying about laying paws on their next social security check rather than a fresh victim. Take Godzilla, for example, currently the genre's most



durable monster but a million years old if he's a day—years enough to span 50,000 generation gaps. These monsters, it was decided, could no longer pay it like they used to. Never mind Beauty; it's a wonder it wasn't a coronary killed the Beast.

Teenagers seemed a natural when the time came to revitalize the aging ranks of Monsterdom. After all, during the 50s, when people weren't fretting over the Bomb or the International Godless Commie Conspiracy, they were quite often focusing their wide-lensed paranoia on the rock-crazed teenaged hoods who

I WAS A TEENAGE RIP-OFF or ROCK-A-ROUND THE SCHLOCK

BY JOE KANE

were already slashing up the screen in hot rod epics like **DRAAGSTRIP RIOT** and **THE COOL AND THE CRAZY**, J.d. flicks like **JUVENILE JUNGLE**, **HIGH SCHOOL CASAR**, and **TEENAGE CRIME WAVE**, as well as in such serious probes into adolescent ennui as **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE** and **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE**. That aliens were already in our midst was not to be disputed.

NIGHTMARE OF RHYTHM

The 50s were rife with stale riffs anyway; boredom was in its heyday and people looked towards the unnatural disasters of the age for entertainment and vicarious intensity, seeking to be fed their kicks intravenously by hooking up to super-throats like the aforementioned Bomb, the Red Menace, and Rock'n'Roll. Many people have probably forgotten the hysteria, terror, and panic-stricken prose that greeted the arrival of rock'n'roll, and the insane passions it allegedly ignited in the souls of the young. An assistant district attorney in Massachusetts described the effect of rock music on the impressionable and inherently lewd minds of our nation's youngfolk in the following livewire words. "Tin Pan Alley has unleashed a new monster," the distraught D.A. wrote, "a sort of nightmare of rhythm. Some of our die jockeys have put emotional TNT on their turntables. Rock'n'roll gives young hoodlums an excuse to get together. It inflames teenagers..."

All across the country, scandal after scandal rocked the American public, ever threatening to knock it off the balls of its poorly arched feet. In Asbury Park, New Jersey, 25 "vibrating teenagers" had to be hospitalized in the aftermath of a riotous record hop. Rock'n'roll was banned from city swimming pools in San Antonio, Texas when local authorities objected to the "spastic gyrations" it induced in nearly naked teenage bathers. Elvis Presley, the once and future King of Rock'n'Roll, was labeled a "whirling dervish of sex" by one irate minister, and

The Original Teenage Rock'n'roll Monster—Elvis Presley. A little older now, a bit more jawl round than famous sneer, but still in there twichin'.



his records were publicly burned in purification rituals that replaced the scent of burning witch-flesh with that of smoking plastic. The claws of the rock'n'roll monster were knuckle-deep in writhing teenage flesh and were twisting it to its will, as the youth of our nation, the future leaders of the land, danced a mindless mambo into the other limits of sin and degradation.

So, with the image of the American teenager as spastic, vibrating, lust-inflamed monster growing with alarming alacrity, the time seemed right to introduce this scaring, jiving, barely human creature into the horror film as well. Since no one appreciated this image more than the typical American teenager himself, the audience for teenage monster movies was already there and waiting to half-watch them in drive-ins all over the land. The first to wrap their hands around the crank of the Grade B monster movie machine were the moguls at American-International Pictures, a newly formed schlock studio whose specialty was youth movies. AIP would lead the way in both the juvenile delinquent and horror movie fields, as they would in the 60s in beach movies and biker films.

I WAS A ROCK'N'ROLL TEENAGE COMMIE MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE

To appeal to the teen crowd, some films placed teenagers in the role of world-saviors, keeping civilization as they knew it safe from, among other threats, **THE BLOB** (battled by a young Steve McQueen in 1958), **THE SPIDER** (1958), **THE INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN** (1957), and **THE GIANT GILA MONSTER** (1959). But most of the films featured the teenager as the monster itself, usually a misguided creature provoked by deranged, evil adults into embarking on rampages of anti-social adolescent revenge. The first and most famous of these were AIP's **I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN** and **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, both released in 1957, with Gary Conway and Michael Landon (who later became 'Little Joe' on TV's **BONANZA**) respectively as the 50s Frankenstein Monster and the peshy lycanthrope. While there wasn't a hell of a lot to choose between them, **TEENAGE WEREWOLF** held a slim critical edge over his frightfaced counterpart, if only for Landon's adequate portrayal of the title character. Both the



THE SHE CREATURE

One of the Frightening Fifties' most durable fiends was a less-than-lovely lady named **THE SHE CREATURE**. Fashioned by AIP monster maker Paul Blacard, the hard-working amphibian originally starred in **THE SHE CREATURE** in 1956. She reprised the following year in **VOODOO WOMAN**, and turned up again in two terrible teen terror films, **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** (1958) and **GHOST OF DRAG-STRIP HOLLOW** (1959). The gifted girl's multiple appearances were more the result of economic considerations (she monster took many months and much money to make) than popular demand, however, and her horrific ubiquity serves as yet another example of AIP's flim for self-entertainment. **The She Creature** finally retired in 1959, to the delight of many and the dismay of few.



Teenage Werewolf, cast himself in the employ of the same veteran character actor, Whit Bissell, who played a demented father-figure to the offensive offspring—in the former as a descendant of Dr. Frankenstein, in the latter as a typically mad shrink. I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN deserves some kind of recognition for the sheer guts displayed by its make-up man, who fashioned one of the most outlandish masks ever to hide the otherwise bland good looks of a forgettable Grade B actor.

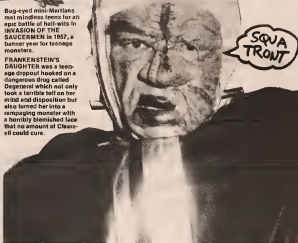
Predictably enough, the above titles proved so successful that AIP immediately saw fit to unleash a teenage female vampire in **BLOOD OF DRACULA** (1957), a film that had nothing to do with *Dracula*, and one that was pretty bloodless to boot. Like many a screen teenager, the female vampire (played by Sandra Harrison) was born into a world she didn't even create, a victim of forces she—and the audience—could barely comprehend. Abandoned by her parents at an all-girls' school (with the exception of a creepy teenage caretaker, boy, being the only male around, becomes the sole beneficiary of the girls' amatory affections), the girl, who demonstrates early in the proceedings that she is possessed of a violent temper and headstrong nature, is promptly hypnotized and turned into a bloodsucker by a warped schoolteacher seeking revenge on those who would scoff at her 'scientific experiments.' While also integrating distorted teen ephemera into an otherwise completely standard, cliché-shackled plot, **BLOOD OF DRACULA** is even worse than the two previous teenage outings in that it is not only bad but uncompromisingly dull, and even interrupts the inaction at one point with a typical poverty row AIP production number, in which a friend of the caretaker's sings a greasy ode to adolescence. **BLOOD OF DRACULA** also makes the mistake of doing out its sene-scarred absurdities with a straight (if not positively blank) face, thus committing the most grievous offense a Grade B monster movie can commit: the crime of taking itself seriously.

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THEIR FIENDS

The teenage monsters discussed above were greeted with so lucrative a response that AIP promptly brought back the

Bug-eyed mini-Marlans not mindless teens for an epic battle of half-wits in **HYBRID OF THE SAUCER MEN** in 1957, a banner year for teenage monsters.

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER was a teenage dropout hooked on a dangerous drug called Dementol that not only took it tentacles soft on her mind and disposition but also turned her into a rampaging monster with a horribly bleached face that no amount of Cleopatra could cure.



Teenage Frankenstein and Teenage Werewolf for a high school reunion in **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER**, let loose the following year, 1958 (and teenage monster scholars endlessly debate whether 1957 or 1958 should be considered as the year for teenage monster movies—personally I have no opinion; it's too crucial a decision to be made by the likes of me). **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** chronicles the adventures of a mad Hollywood make-up man whose own special greasepaint recipe contains a secret ingredient which, again with the help of a little hypnotism, is capable of making deadly monsters out of lifeless actors. But **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** failed to live up to the standards set by the previous films—not an easy feat, considering those standards. **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** was, despite its catchy title, a pretty plodding effort, with the shrill neurotic make-up man (Robert H. Harris) getting his revenge, with a little help from his fiends (Gary Conway and Gary Clarke), on the thick heads of the movie studio, who are planning to phase out horror films in favor of musicals, thereby putting him and the teenage monster actors out of work. The studio itself bears more than a passing

resemblance to the AIP studios where, of course, the film was actually shot, and the only satisfying aspect of **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** is the methodical elimination of the mindless moguls at the hands of

Before becoming the MAN FROM U.C.L.E., Robert Vaughn made ends meet by playing the restless **TEENAGE CAVE MAN** back in 1955.



the mad make-up monsters. Countless horror film fans have doubtlessly entertained similar fantasies about the AIP execs.

AIP always exhibited an irritating flair for self-advertisement, and shots of film posters from previous AIP productions movie marquees announcing other AIP flicks, and other self-referential shticks abound in the early AIP films. Their next two productions with teen terror elements were full of references to earlier works. In **DIARY OF A HIGH SCHOOL BRIDE** (1958), for example, a non-horror film that had its moments, a jealous teenage psychotic (Chris Robinson) abducts the high school bride of the title and takes her to his father's place—which just happens to be a movie studio. The young degenerate shows her a lobby poster from one of his father's films, which happens to be from **SCREAMING SKULL**, an earlier AIP production. None of this had anything to do with other events depicted in the film, of course, but AIP execs seem unable to resist plugging as many of their films as possible, any way they can. Every movie marquee glimpsed briefly will invariably feature the title of an AIP film (in their **TERROR FROM THE YEAR 5000** characters in the film took time off to see **WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN**) and in **DIARY OF A HIGH SCHOOL BRIDE**, this self-advertising gimmick really cheapened the effect of an otherwise almost bearable film.

AIP's next teen terror film, a "comedy" entitled **GHOST OF DRAGSTRIP HOLLOW** (1959), also featured similar plugs, including a guest appearance by the title monster of AIP's **THE CREATURE**, who shares house-haunting honors with a gang of teenage defecatives. With all the deftness and levity of an elephant telling a people joke, the AIP writers labor for laughs in the most inane manner imaginable, offering a vision of the world

TEENAGE CAVEMAN (1958) starred a young Robert Vaughn and was the worst of the lot. The plot hinges on the title character's quest for knowledge, a fairly futile project, all things considered. Despite the warnings of the older members of the cave community, the teenage hero ventures into the Forbidden Land, only to discover that the film is over before anything of even the slightest significance has managed to take place. That sort of thing can happen at even the best of film studios and almost invariably

movie history. Howco-International produced the succinctly titled **TEENAGE MONSTER** (1958), in which a mad mutant teenager literally comes out of the closet in which his embarrassed mother keeps him locked to terrorize a Western town and Governor Films was responsible for **TEENAGE ZOMBIES** (1960), who got that way through the efforts of mad Comic scientist-spies operating off the Florida coast.

By 1960, the teenage terrorism seemed to have just about run its course, at least in the B monster movie format. Fairway-International, another independent outfit, produced **THE SADIST** in 1963, a film based loosely on the Charles Starkweather killings, and **EEGAH**, a 1962 release that culminated in a battle of wits between an inarticulate and rudely awakened Stone Age giant and an equally inarticulate rock singer. Warner Brothers did a teenage version of H.G. Wells' "Food of the Gods" in 1965 (**VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS**), in which the bodies of a gang of

teenage troublemakers grow to gargantuan proportions while their minds remain the same, but this was the last attempt to present the greaser as monster. Other horror films exploited the boundless terror possibilities of children, films like **CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED** (1964), **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED** (1960), **THE GAMMA PEOPLE** (1956), and **THE SPACE CHILDREN** (1958), but they're another story. No horror film has yet to explore what it is probably the most horrifying concept of all, though—a conscienceless, innocent, rampaging 50 foot infant, a monster of insatiable needs. But maybe that's too terrifying a thought for even horror film audiences to accept.

More recently films like Stanley Kubrick's **A CLOCKWORK ORANGE**, Harry Shear's **WILD IN THE STREETS** (1968), and a camp bike-terror opus called **WEREWOLVES ON WHEELS** [see TMT #25] used youngsters as figures of evil, but the age of the pompadoured rock'n roll greaser monster is over. With all the 50s nostalgia that's been in abundance of late, there seem to have been few tears



Long-hand horror slinks terrified teen in press-book art from Howco's **TEENAGE MONSTER**, the first, but one of the most obscure, of the teenage terror films.

shed over the disappearance of the teen monster movies—indeed, they've been hardly mentioned at all. If this piece accomplished nothing else, I'd like to think it has at least demonstrated why the teenage monster movies have been so thoroughly and painlessly forgotten. ■

Plastic soldier attacks equally plastic moon maiden in Astor's **MISSILE TO THE MOON**, a remnant of **CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON** (1954) with a pair of juvenile delinquents thrown in for relevance.



The teenage Howcoer (Gary Clarke) and Teenage Frankenstein (Gary Conway) had a high school reunion in **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** in 1958, another banner year for teenage films. AIP, incidentally, is planning to re-release several of its abominable "beach movies" with Francis Axton and Annette Funckelsoon.

so uncompromisingly anti-creative and banal that the overall effect is terrifying indeed.

AIP's next effort, **BUCKET OF BLOOD**, was not exactly a teenage monster offering (its hero was at least 20) but it was an improvement over earlier films like **THE INVASION OF THE SAUCEMEN**, in which a local lovers' lane is terrorized by slow-thinking, bug-eyed creatures and those were only the teenagers—the Sauce-men were even worse). **BUCKET OF BLOOD** (1959) starred Dick Miller (a character actor who deserves a footnote by virtue of his having appeared in almost every Roger Corman movie) as a would-be "beatnik" who, in order to prove his artistic worth to his slick hipster peers, lops off human heads, coats them with clay, and passes them off as sculptures. Needless to say, he quickly becomes the hero of the B movie coffee house crowd (who, of course, are unaware of his grisly work habits) until he is inevitably found out. **BUCKET OF BLOOD** was AIP's and Roger Corman's idea of a black comedy but, while it's better than most of its predecessors, is not worthy of the lavish attention it's received from obscure horror film pedants.

happened at AIP. A surprise ending informs the audience that the cave-dwellers are actually our descendants, the only remnants of a civilization felled by nuclear warfare.

MOST TERROR TEENS

Other studios also tried their hand at manufacturing teenage monster movies. Universal released **MONSTER ON CAMPUS** (1958), in which a 30s college student reverts to an even more primitive state; while Warner Brothers was represented by a 1959 effort called **TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE** (1959). Independent film companies also chipped in. Astor Films contributed **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** (1958) and **MISSILE TO THE MOON** (1959). In **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**, a promiscuous teenager is injected with a disfiguring, anxiety-provoking drug called Degenerol, causing her to run amok in the California suburbs before being burned in the requisite lab fire. **MISSILE TO THE MOON** concerned itself with the criminal adventures of a pair of juvenile delinquents (Tommy Cook and Gary Clarke) who stow away on the title vehicle in what ranks as the lowest-budgeted space probe even in Grade B monster

Oh, hi. Caddy-O, these cool comic cats from outer space are a bonz bunch of bad go-getters who'll blast your flesh off sooner'n you look at 'em. And no Earthly weapons can stop them! Not even zip guns!

They blast the flesh off humans!

Teenage Hoodlums from Another World on a Horrendous Ray-Gun Rampage!

THEY BLAST THE FLESH OFF HUMANS!

"TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE"

Before—a beautiful girl. One moment later—a skeleton!

**I DRINK
YOUR
BLOOD
AND
I EAT
YOUR
SKIN**



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GHOST WRITING IN BLOOD VALLEY

BY RON HAYDOCK

Chances are you've never heard of the star of this article. While Ray Dennis Steckler is a name that gives rise mostly to puzzled expressions and blank stares, in some places—like the Sky Hi Drive-in in Las Vegas—the man is nothing less than legend. His unusual light films, rarely seen on the East Coast, rank among the fastest and weirdest ever made, and sport such flamboyantly schlocky titles as **TEENAGE PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY** and **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES**. Writer Ron Haydock turned in this behind-the-scenes profile of the man behind the above-mentioned monsters, Ray Dennis Steckler, which begins herewith...

In Spring, 1971, on a Death Valley ranch far from Las Vegas and miles from the nearest town of Pahrump, Nevada, Ray Dennis Steckler was directing a suspenseful night sequence for **THE CHOOPER**, a horror film he and I had scripted.

The scene called for Carol Craig (played by Carolyn Brandt) to awaken from a trifle, losing slumber in her new ranchhouse and wait, in a trance-like state, to an old, cursed house. According to legend, the house was still being haunted by the Chooper, an Indian god of vengeance.

More than a hundred years before, the Chooper had monstrously slain the pioneering Walton family, who then lived in the house. Ed Walton, the father, had shot and killed the son of an Indian chief, thinking the playfully snoring figure in the darkness

to be a menacing growler. In retribution, the chief had his medicine man summon up the Chooper, who prospected to destroy the Walton family. But the legends claimed that to this day, anyone daring to venture into the Walton house would meet a similar fate. The Chooper, they said, still lurked within.

BEWARE OF GOD

But now, hypocritically lured to the old house, Carol Craig was crossing her property, each step bringing her closer to the Walton house. With Steckler directing, she moved through the night and climbed the weather-beaten steps of the cursed house. Presumably, she too would meet a bloody death at the hands of the legendary Chooper.

She stepped up to the small porch and saw the doorway waiting to be crossed. Just as she was on the verge of actually stepping inside, a movement caused her to snap out of her trance and look to reality. "Oh! Carol!" she said. It was only her foreman Daniel standing in the doorway. "You scared me!" Daniel (played by Jason Wayne) hooked a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the death-haunted house. He had always believed the legend and always warned people about it—especially those who tried to challenge the legend by spending a night in the house.

"I wouldn't go in there, Mrs. Carol," he said grimly. "Only bad things happen in there. The Chooper will get you. I think you'd just better come on back to bed now. Come on."

Daniel returned the ranch helms to the safety of her room, thwarting the over-pressed, lurking menace of the demon Chooper.

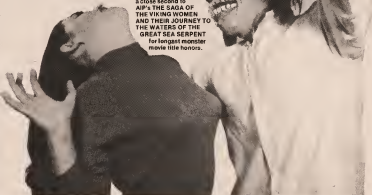
After rehearsing this sequence a few times, prior to actually filming it, Ray Steckler turned to me with a question:

"What do you think of it?"
"The scene looks fine to me," I said, "except for one little thing. Ray."

"What's that?"
"It's not in the script."

"Well," said Steckler, "besides that, 'The scene plays as well as the road sequence and the scene where the Chooper murders the sheriff.' I

Carolyn Brandt is attacked by a scene-wedding zombie in Steckler's **THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES** which, if nothing else, at least runs a close second to **APRIL'S THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR JOURNEY TO THE WATERS OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT** for longest monster movie title honors.



said, "Those scenes aren't in the script either."

"Well, I'm going to shoot this scene anyway!" he insisted. Steckler turned back to the cast, crew and camera. "And I've got an idea for another scene..."

— that isn't in the script either," I said.

"Right." And a few minutes later, he was filming this Chooper night sequence he had impulsively created and verbally written right on the spot. And, sometimes, that's how horror movies are made.

Even horror movies. But especially Ray Dennis Steckler's horror movies.

STECKLER'S STRANGE CREATIONS
THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES,
THE NARCARE ARE LOOSE,
LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS,
BLOODY JACK.

IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE STUDIO!

AN INTERVIEW WITH

by GARY L. LEVINSON

WILLIAM GREFE

A maniacal wild dance returned from the dead to carry out the **DEATH CURSE OF TARTU** to William Grefe's "the horror."

In the film, the resurrected shaman turned himself into a wild, sh- and a sh-er- pre- by in an effort to avoid being identified with this movie.



You know, like when you're making monster pictures and, you—you know—ya gotta anticipate what the public's bent is at the time. Now, you've got your aliens and this and that but the main thing, I mean in this business, is to get one jump ahead of your movie-going public without their getting bored by your subject, see? And one of the best at getting this jump is William Grefe, the director responsible for bringing **THE STING OF DEATH** and **DEATH CURSE OF TARTU** to the screen, and who ranks right up there with Herschell (**BLOOD FEAST**), Larry (**IT'S ALIVE!**) Buchanan and TV (**ASTRO ZOMBIES**) Michaels as one of the fastest friends ever to operate a clapperboard.

We sent TMT reporter Gary Levinson to talk with Mr. Grefe, who explains himself better than we ever could herein...

If you have heard of him, then probably you know William Grefe for low budget films like **STING OF DEATH**, **DEATH CURSE OF TARTU**, **THE HOOKED GENERATION**, or any of about a dozen others, all shot with little time or money, and all but one making their investors very happy with their big profits.

I recently visited William Grefe at his office at the New York Studios. Grefe has succeeded Ricou Browning as president of the New York Studios, but with the success of **STANLEY**, he has out that job for the presidency of another company, so he can be more

active in filmmaking. After a moment's pause to admire a sculpture of **STANLEY** that lay across Grefe's desk, the interview began.

TMT: How did you start your career in movies?

GREFE: Well, first I started as an actor in summer stock. And then I did Off-Broadway with the Cherry Lane Playhouse. And then I turned to writing and I wrote for television, and the first screenplay that I sold was called **THE CHECKERED FLAG**, and they had me on the set for rewrites, just as a writer. And when we were



Hugo Headstone is a horror fiction legend. His foul deeds and desecrating diversity have kept fictionists laughing for many years (which says a lot about fictionists' sense of humor).

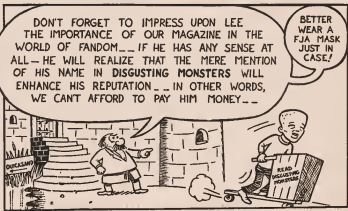
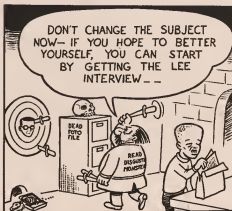
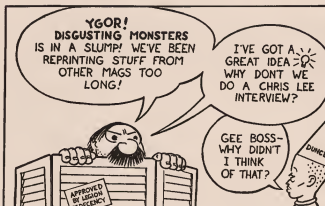
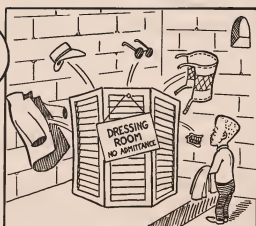
In any case, writer/artist Dick Bajajani presents TMT readers with another chapter in the continuing saga of the world's most disgusting horror magazine publisher.

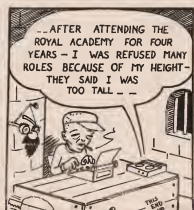
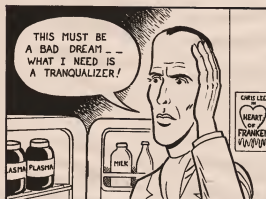
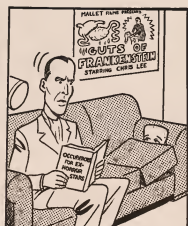
HUGO HEADSTONE

MONSTER MAGAZINE PUBLISHER

CHRISTOPHER LEE IN
DRACULA BITES A
HOT WATCH SALESMAN

THAT NEW CHRIS LEE FEATURE GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHY DON'T WE DO AN INTERVIEW ON CHRIS LEE?





The Times Teletype

...in a way of getting the latest hot-off-the-press info to you, serving up all the news of what's 'cookin' in every medium, from the raw to the well-done: previews, reviews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, fantasy, sci-fi happenings in films, books, comics and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or fender caps in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you 'in-the-know.'

There's some talk about of maybe bringing Heinen's classic **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND** to the screen via John Schlesinger, of **MIDNIGHT COWBOY** fame. Rock star David Bowie may star. Also look for **CHILDHOOD'S END**, Arthur C. Clarke's SF classic to make its film appearance shortly.

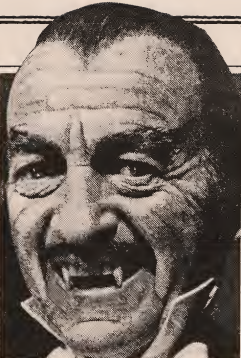
One-act Productions will lens the adventure **THE FORTIC CONSPIRACY**.

Wall Disney's production of **ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD** will be ready for a videotape release David Hartman stars.

Ken Russell, the cinematic genius who presented us with the superb **THE BOY FRIEND** and the surreal **THE DEVILS**, will be directing the cinematic version of **TOMMY**, an association with The Who, its creators. The Beatles' Carstairs performed a brilliant dance version of the rock opera that I thought incompatible if anyone can top their magnificent effort, Russell's the man.

John Bennett, former star of **DARK SHADOWS**, will star, along with Stuart Whitman, late of **NIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF**, in the Australian production called **INN OF THE DAMNED**. It's a costume thriller set in 1926, (take a great co-feature for the Paramount side OUT OF THIS WORLD).

Tommy Lee is looking for someone to play Christ in his new Italian pic, **TIME OF THE WORLD'S END**.



The ever-sure, ever-sophisticated David Niven is really getting his teeth into his new starring role in the

"fang-in-check" production of **VAMPIRE**, now shooting in London.

incredulous combination of hippie motorcycles, country-and-western, and wildcat. Sort of an Edgar Allan Poe/pulp.

Producer Irwin Allen, captain of the **POSEIDON ADVENTURE**, will again be at the helm on **THE CIRQUE**. Alister MacLean, author of **GUNS OF NAVARONE**, will write the suspense yarn in conjunction with Ringling Bros and Barnum etc. Film due for full-color and 3-D.

Ewa Aulin, who made her screen debut as **CANDY**, loses her sweetness in the Film Ventures International production of **BLOOD CERE-MONY**. She'll play an Elizabeth Bathory-type character, and her bath-tub will be come in women's blood. It won't play like regular blood, won't go, the other's awfully hard to

The Julie Christie-Donald Sutherland psycho-thriller has been receiving rave reviews. **DO LOOK NOW**.

Universal will be offering a sort of underground **APPOINT** in their new production of **THE HOUSEHOUKE**. The title director takes place in LA.

The William Castle pic starring Marcel Marceau has been titled-changed from **SHOCK IN SHAKES**. The master mime Marceau assumes a dual-role. "Thanks for the memories."

Another line change: The Vincent Price starer **REVENGE OF OR**, **CEATH** is now **MAHDOUSE**.

A super secret project due from Paramount to **PHASE IV** described as an ecological horror, this one concerns ants. Normal everyday ants, but with human intelligence, which hold an entire city for ransom. It's out in paperback form, too. Yet British actor Nigel Davenport stars. Said Burt's tale artist, makes his directorial debut.

A Spanish film due for release, **AUTOPSY**, drama to display an actual autopsy on the screen "real and without tricks." "Mmm" Could start a "do-it-yourself" craze.

On the lube, ABC is again the champion-chooser. On January 4th they are offering a documentary on their **WIDE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT** dealing with ghosts, witchcraft and the Devil. Chris Lee is set for an interview at Dracula's castle, and there'll be other castles and haunted abodes around the world.

Set for an ABC movie-of-the-week is **THE CAT WOMAN**. Great cat headed by David "The Fly" Holston, Stuart Whitman, Meredith Baxter, Kaya Lark and horror favorite John Cardanese and that "Grand Guignol" gal, Gale Sondergaard. It's about a reincarnated Egyptian goddess, "Bastet," who takes the form of a kitten.

One of my all-time favorite authors, Dick C. AM LEONARDI Matheson, is scoring **THE HUNTER** for another ABC M-O-T-V offering. Clint Walker and Peter Graves star. The animal they are hunting has three heads each other.

The Science Fiction Workshop has opened in the West Village at 8th Avenue and Horatio Street. The interior somewhat resembles a

And last, but hardly less, those of us who travel abroad may find a rack at EL STAGX on the rue Hochstetner near Notre Dame. They are now selling the most popular French subtitles. At the time I was there they were showing **LE NUIT DE BIANCA** (which is that **WOLF OF THE LIVING DEAD**). Their margarine and heads are worth a look alone. But along a bottle of French champ-pain! Crest on.

SF&F

In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-around wizard of the weird, ED SUMNER owns and operates the **Supernatural Bookstore**, a well-stocked, sprawling fan's paradise specializing in horror, fantasy, and other tomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plus, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoops from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and once in a while does.

A CREATION CON

According to the Bible, CREATION took six days, leaving one day for rest. CREATION CON lasts only three days, but there are so many goodies and surprises claimed in between January 4 and 6 that if I take the remainder of the week for you to catch up on the breath.

The Hotel Baltimore in New York City will be overflowing with comic fans, Isaac Asimov, **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS**, Kalafa, Bode, Rex Mason, auctions, dealers room, movies and displays galore!

Creation 1974 has one of the most diverse and exciting film shows ever:

From Robert Wise's chilling, unforgettable masterpiece of the supernatural **THE HAUNTING**, to the classic ruthlessness of the **MARK BROTHERS** in **GO WEST** With the cooperation of FILMS INCORPORATED, the world's largest 16mm rental library, CREATION will bring you **OVER THE HILL**, 1932, of

withcraft which has been unseen for years: **THE DIRTY OCEAN**, Robert Altman's controversial epic of war, **CHUCK (The Road Runner)** Jones' one and only feature, cartoon **THE PHANTOM TOLLODOTH**, George Pal's year-ahead-of-its-time **CONQUEST OF SPACE**, Walt Disney's **CHABOD AND MOTO** continue the mad, zany wind UP IN THE WILLOWS and the spooky, chockle-

berry **LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW** for Western fans, **RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY** by Sam (THE WILDO BUNCH) Peckinpah, considered to be his masterpiece, the complete American version of Roman Polanski's **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS** or **PARDON ME BUT YOUR TEETH ARE IN MY NECK**, tribute to

Walt Kelly, **POGSON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY** by Chuck Jones, and **MORE, MORE, MORE** Nightly from 7:30 p.m. to the wee hours. Films for youngsters have been scheduled to fit early bedtimes.

New Adams will answer all of your questions and Vaughn this presents his new **CHEECH WIZARD** cartoon concert. Bruce Jones, Mary Wolfman, Leonard and Steve Engelstein are an exciting writer's panel. Giordano, Kaluta and Al Williamson contribute to the first ever panel on L.A. Science fiction writers Bob, Gould and Carter chat informally on the way. Guy Kawasaki, the masterful **ACE BOOKS** cover painter, will make a rare public appearance to discuss old

books.

Laac Asimov plans top-notch sessions for your favorite **CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT** mix monsters and music in a unique rock salute.

EXCLUSIVE! A CREATION FIRST! The first public display of stills art and more from Paramount Pictures,

starring, new science fiction thriller **PHASE IV**, directed by the award-winning Saul Zaentz! See it at CREATION before its initial release!

This year's display will feature a private collection of Rex (TARZAN) Mason which includes the work of his contemporaries, including Walt Foster and other luminaries of the 30's and 40's. Select pieces from this collection will be offered at a special AUCTION at the two big, exciting NO-MINIMUM-BID auctions. Also up for sale will be a first edition collection of Robert Howard and H.P. Lovecraft.

FLASH! Unpublished, original letters from Robert Howard to L. Sprague de Camp will go up for bid!

Original art fans will be able to bid for the work of A.C.B. a gross Adams and Kalafa, ORAVER TO ORDER. All proceeds go to charity.

BOSTON COMIC WORKS will display art along with Jeff Jones,



Gary Morrow, and many surprises from art chairman Doug Murrell.

The KEYNOTE SPEECH is yet to be announced, but it will definitely be followed by the CREATION AWARDS CEREMONY which, in the past, has honored Barry Smith, Bill Gaines and Joe Kates.

PRIZES! Come in COSTUME, join the COSPLAY PARADE and win a piece of ORIGINAL ART!

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON has muscled something about dropping by, so keep an eye on your valuables.

Pulp, Fantasy and Sci-Fi fans have a treat in store when Hans Santesson, Lawrence Janney and a few surprise guests get together to chew over the good old days.

Last, and certainly the MOST, the DIALER'S ROOM full of hundreds of thousands of comics, S.F. & F. maps, STAR TREK, posters, stills, nostalgia and collector's items that all you fans and monsters have been dying to get into your hairy claws or upon your pillows.

This is Friday, January 4, noon to 2 a.m. Saturday, January 5, 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Sunday, January 6, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the HOTEL BALTIMORE at Madison Avenue and 42nd St. in Manhattan, New York City. Tickets are still available at the hotel, but hurry, the going quick! Ringing \$20, doubles \$35! Memberships \$22 a day, or a BARGAIN \$55 for ALL THREE fun-packed days. For information, write Adam Main, Chairman, 15 E. 2nd St., Florsport, N.Y. 11520. Tell us THE MONSTER TIMES sent you.

AUTOPSY



Speaking of pics, **THE PIX**, a gory mystery that's been sipping up quite a bit of publicity with its quirky character, may set an Oscar nomination for Kame Black. Her role in the "confidential" area.

Glamour queen Laura Turner shares top billing with Tinsel Nixson in **PERSECUTION**, now lensing at Pinewood studios in London while the British comedy team of Mike and Bernie Winter will make their cinematic debut in **SPARKING OF SPOOKS**. I'm sure it will be...spookacular.

20th Century Fox's **HEX** might not be arriving on the scene soon. It's an

two days ago.

DOC SAVAGE, MAN OF BRONZE, rolls in late December for Warner. No one has been cast for the lead as yet, but George Pal will produce and Michael Anderson will handle directorial chores.

Kung Fu Manchu! Sort of...Hammer and the Shaw bros are coming forces on **THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES**. Roy Ward Baker directs Peter Gushing and Julie Tate, both vet Brits, in **HONG KONG '68**. As Dr. Frankenstein.

DON'T LOOK NOW (that's the title), seems to be something of a sleeper.



INSIDE COMICS

Comics maven **JOE BRANCA-TELLI** certainly needs no introduction. The amazing young Managing Editor of *TMT* will be calling you in as we head him up the line of putting it with the kind of burning honesty and youthful idealism rarely found in our modern contemporary times of today. With a nose for news and a sense of determination that is truly enlightening to babble, Joe will be bringing you all the scoops from Comicon.

For you all loyal readers of The Monster Times have been clamoring for a new publication. Monster fans wanted more monster magazines, and here begged for a journal of science fiction, and comic fans wanted a comic magazine.

After due consideration, The Monster Times is proud to announce its new publication, **INSIDE COMICS**, which will be the first professional publication about the comic industry. You'll find you more about the magazine later on in this column, but first we'd like to explain why we're doing **INSIDE COMICS**.

If you've been following this column the last several months, you've been reading our comic articles throughout the year, you probably read a dreadful state the comic companies are in.

Every facet of the industry—from the professional critics to the underground comic to the burgeoning fan market—is making a mad grab for an ever-changing market. They're after your patronage and they're after your money. And, unfortunately, the more unscrupulous people will take your money any way they can get it.

That's why The Monster Times is creating **INSIDE COMICS**. We think you should know who runs the industry and how they are turning it. The Monster Times doesn't believe comic fans should have to rely on badly-run fan news magazines that are only public relations vehicles for the companies. We don't believe you should have to rely only on what Carmine Infantino, Stan Lee or Jim Warren want to tell you. Further, we don't think you should have to rely on their version for their version of the truth.

We think you're entitled to the whole story of the comic industry. We think that as buyers and fans of the industry you're entitled to know everything. The good and the bad, the heartening and the sordid. We think you should know when the big companies are screwing up. And we think you should know when artists and writers and fans are being ripped off by the powers that be.

In short, we just what you should know everything that goes on in the comic industry. Not just what the comic bigwigs want to tell you.

That's why we think **INSIDE COMICS** is a magazine you must read if you're at all interested in the comic medium. We think that **INSIDE COMICS** will develop into the magazine that will keep the fans informed, informed of everything that is going on—not just what the big guys want you to hear.

INSIDE COMICS will give you forthright, honest and unbiased reporting of the comic industry. We're going out to get the best writers in the field to start the magazine. Many of them you've seen in The Monster Times.

INSIDE COMICS will be published quarterly and **WILL ONLY BE AVAILABLE DIRECTLY FROM THE MONSTER TIMES**. It will not be available on any newsstand. Each issue will be 48 pages, containing articles and information about the comic field.

Information that, as a fan of the industry, you must know. Already listed up for the first issue (which will be ready to mail on January 15, 1974) are the following articles:

"The Great Comic Art Rip-Off" by Joe Brancatelli. Did you know that over 1900 pages of original artwork were stolen from the issue of National Periodicals Publications? Do you know that National will be prosecuting if they find you in possession of this stolen artwork? Did you know that Neal Adams will go after you?

"An Exclusive Interview With Robert Crumb." The most famous underground comic artist, R. Crumb, tells about how the underground publishers about his work, withheld his money and keep what is rightfully his. Crumb, who has changed the lifestyle of America itself, finally speaks out about how America and its publishers have been ripping him off.

"The Lead Report." This is a regular section of items of interest. In this issue, you'll learn about how Walt Disney Studios has computerized the production of Mickey Mouse. You'll learn how National Periodicals takes their letter columns by using staff people to write them. You'll learn about the TV station in Los Angeles that was forced to take cartoons off the air and ban many other programs. You'll learn about how THE NATIONAL LAMPOON was sued by Volkswagen of America for \$30 million, because a comic fan wrote a fake ad for THE NATIONAL LAMPOON ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HUMOR. Not to mention a dozen other items no one else wants to talk about.

Also included in the first issue will be long letter pages, where the reader can speak out on any topic of his choice, comprehensive fanline reviews and many more items we're going to surprise you with.

As we mentioned before, **INSIDE COMICS** can be purchased only through the mail. The cost of a single issue is \$1. A full year's subscription is \$4 (for four issues). Each full year's sub, you get a free complimentary 28 word classified advertisement that will run in a near future issue of **INSIDE COMICS**. The address to write is: **INSIDE COMICS, The Monster Times Publishing Company, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011**. A coupon is provided elsewhere in this issue. Of course, if you'd rather not cut up your issue, we'll enter you in our drawing.

We think you'll find **INSIDE COMICS** fascinating and informative. We'd like you to try it.



There was no paper to print them on? Did you know that for the foreseeable future comic companies will have to produce 50% less comic books, again because there is no paper to print them on? And did you know that unless things change drastically, comic books may all be out of business, simply because there is no paper? Find out all about the massive paper shortage which may cause the end of the comic book.

"People Who've Ripped Me Off" by R. Crumb. The most famous underground comic artist, R. Crumb, tells about how the underground publishers about his work, withheld his money and keep what is rightfully his. Crumb, who has changed the lifestyle of America itself, finally speaks out about how America and its publishers have been ripping him off.

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THE FIRST ISSUE OF INSIDE COMIX MAY WELL BE THE BEST SINGLE ISSUE OF ANY COMIC ART FAN MAGAZINE YOU'VE EVER READ!

BUT YOU CAN ONLY GET IT FROM US BY MAIL!

When was the last time you spent the \$4 comic book and let you get your money's worth?

When was the last time you bought a fanzine for a couple of dollars, then found you got ripped off?

How many times have you bought a comic book looking for work by your favorite artist or writer, only to find they took him all the book without letting anyone?

These are problems facing all comic fans. And while **THE MONSTER TIMES** does all it can to help, it can only do so a few steps more the overall cost. That's why, to answer the demand for a more, more professional-produced magazine about the comic industry, **THE MONSTER TIMES** is publishing **INSIDE COMICS**. And it's ready for immediate delivery.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine you've never seen before. Published quarterly and only available through the mail and sold by Joe Brancatelli, **THE MONSTER TIMES** will tell you everything there is to know about the entire industry. You'll never find it in any newsstand—**INSIDE COMICS** is for the fan. The first issue, for example, contains the following material:

—The story of the massive 1900 page original art rip-off from National Comics

—How the Warner Publishing Company is trying to go by the underground comic industry

—There's plenty more information (some from **INSIDE COMICS**, but we simply don't have the room to tell you it all here) **THE MONSTER TIMES** has for you. It's only \$4.00 and it's available only from **THE MONSTER TIMES**. If you'd like to subscribe, send \$4 for four issues. An extra dollar to subscribers, to show you we're not to help, we'll give you a 100 word classified ad.

INSIDE COMICS is a magazine like you've never before. It's the only one you've ever read in the comic book medium—or the comic strip, underground scene, or newspaper section or anything related to comic—you simply cannot afford to be without **INSIDE COMICS**.

As a special bonus, each issue of **INSIDE COMICS** will contain complete, comprehensive reviews of every fan magazine published. There's a lot of good trash out there, and a lot of bad ones. We think you should know which ones are which—before you buy them.

INSIDE COMICS, like **THE MONSTER TIMES** before it, will be an innovation unlike anything you've ever read when **THE MONSTER TIMES** was first published.

And **THE MONSTER TIMES** says you can't afford not to get **INSIDE COMICS**.

Send me **INSIDE COMICS** (I'll send you a 100 word classified ad).

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Send me a check for the first issue of **INSIDE COMICS**.

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ON-CALENDAR

The CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of *TMT*. Across the country, comic nuts, to fans, monster freaks and the like are constantly getting by, burn, trade, collect, and listen to. As with most greetings of form, the connections often

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Dec. 16	COMIC BOOK MARKET P.O. Box 12 Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL, MALIBU New York City	\$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK books, toys, movies, sections
3rd Sunday every month	MOTSLAGIA 4 Church Street Watkins, Mass. 02154	How and Johnson Motor Lodge	75¢	comic books, toys, toys, movies, sections
Jan. 25-27	COMIC CON 3 4700 Knoch Cincinnati, Ohio, Canada	York University Western College Dorchester, Ontario	Inquire for rates	Film, Many Games and Surprises
January 6-8	CREATION Adrian Melis 100 N. 11th St. Freepost, N.Y. 11130	BILTMORE HOTEL New York City	\$2 a day at the door, \$1 for all three days in advance.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!
February 15 to 18, 1974	INTERNATIONAL STAR TRIP CONVENTION P.O. Box 11 New York, N.Y. 10008	AMERICAN HOTEL 53rd Street and 7th Ave. New York City	\$4 for all 4 days in advance, \$3 for non-attending membership	Enterprise Crew on guests. Largest non-attending membership
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD COMIC CON 600 N. Cleve Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90028	HOLLYWOOD WOLFGANG'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif.	30¢, \$1 for 12	Instant film, caricatures A lot of trappings and guests

border on the inside, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some really great info for yourselves. And you'll find plenty to tell people in person, in person, in person, in person.

It's never been in a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They're in size, atmosphere, and quality of course, but they're all fun to attend. We'll tell you the way to get by keeping you informed of all upcoming ones.

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It's never been in a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They're in size, atmosphere, and quality of course, but they're all fun to attend. We'll tell you the way to get by keeping you informed of all upcoming ones.



—Long interview with Robert Crumb, underground gag-band leader, on the scene, why the Comic Comics closed down for two complete months in the laboratory, and much more.

—We think you'll find **INSIDE COMICS** fascinating and informative. We'd like you to try it.

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monsters—not to mention days and weeks.

Get your Monster Calendar now. Be the envy of all the calendar collectors everywhere. Just fill out the coupon and send \$2.99 (2.00 for the calendar and .99 for postage and handling) and your Monster Calendar will be on the way.

Just as time for 1974, we might add!

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1974 MONSTER TIMES CALENDAR

Imagine a monster for every day of the year. Well, thanks to **THE MONSTER TIMES**, you can have it. Now available in the laboratory, and much more, not to mention finally 1974 **MONSTER TIMES** CALENDAR.

Each month you remember them, January through December of 1974 is a 12" x 11" by 17" postcard, each decorated with a monster from the venerable pages of **THE MONSTER TIMES**. Monster from January and February and every month you can think of. It's a treasure chest of

THE MONSTER TIMES CALENDAR
P.O. Box 11, CLEVELAND, OHIO
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10011

Dear Monsters: Please send me

_____ copies of **TMT's** Monster Calendar at \$2.99 each for which I enclose \$_____

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$_____

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MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF

THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF is the only place where you can pick up all your favorite books in the horror, fantasy and comic fields. We've got the best bargains around. Put them all under one roof, and we're just waiting for you to pick out your favorites!

FABULOUS FRANK FRAZZETTA POSTERS

Fabulous Frank Frazzetta posters, full length oil paintings. All posters in full color! Each is 11" by 22" on art paper, laminated corners. All subject to inventory. All Frazzetta, all beautiful!



P1. WEREWOLF and cover of CHARIOT 1, \$2.50 plus tax.



P2. BRAM THE BARBARIAN, cover of paperback, \$2.50 plus tax.



P3. CONAN OF CONEMERA, cover of paperback, \$2.50 plus tax.



P4. CONAN THE CONQUEROR, cover of paperback, \$2.50 plus tax.



P5. SKIN DEEP, cover of CHARIOT 2, \$2.50 plus tax.



P6. RANSHELL, cover of CHARIOT 3, \$2.50 plus tax.



P7. ALANBETHALS, cover of CHARIOT 4, \$2.50 plus tax.



P8. NIGHTWALK, cover of CHARIOT 5, \$2.50 plus tax.



P9. THUNDERBOLT, cover of CHARIOT 6, \$2.50 plus tax.



P10. EGYPTIAN PRINCESS, cover of CHARIOT 7, \$2.50 plus tax.



P11. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 8, \$2.50 plus tax.



P12. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 9, \$2.50 plus tax.



P13. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 10, \$2.50 plus tax.



P14. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 11, \$2.50 plus tax.



P15. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 12, \$2.50 plus tax.



P16. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 13, \$2.50 plus tax.



P17. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 14, \$2.50 plus tax.



P18. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 15, \$2.50 plus tax.



P19. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 16, \$2.50 plus tax.



P20. THE BEAST, cover of CHARIOT 17, \$2.50 plus tax.

JEFF JONES



P21. Jeff Jones, cover of CHARIOT 18, \$2.50 plus tax.

JACK KIRBY'S GODS!



P22. Jack Kirby's Gods, cover of CHARIOT 19, \$2.50 plus tax.

FRANK BRUNNER



P23. Frank Brunner, cover of CHARIOT 20, \$2.50 plus tax.

SEVERIN PRINTS



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DRACULA



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TARZAN



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BIG G. POSTER!



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MORE FRAZZETTA



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KING KONG



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FRANKENSTEIN



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DRACULA



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TARZAN

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THE BLACK CAT

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JEFF JONES POSTERS

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MOVIE POSTERS

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KING KONG

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FRANKENSTEIN

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DRACULA

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TARZAN

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THE BLACK CAT

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JEFF JONES POSTERS

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MOVIE POSTERS

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KING KONG

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FRANKENSTEIN

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DRACULA

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TARZAN

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THE BLACK CAT

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MOVIE POSTERS

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KING KONG

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FRANKENSTEIN

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DRACULA

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TARZAN

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THE BLACK CAT

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JEFF JONES POSTERS

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KING KONG

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FRANKENSTEIN

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DRACULA

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TARZAN

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THE BLACK CAT

MONSTERS & CREATURES & EMPIRES & GORILLAS & ZOMBIES & MOVIE MAKERS

When we first approached TMT Editor Joe Kane and writer Jason Thomas about jointly compiling a list of the very worst horror films ever made, their bright, beady eyes immediately lit up with unrestrained sadistic joy. Even when we told them of all the first-run hours of research involved in such a monstrous project, their evil enthusiasm refused to flag a jot. Then we told them how much we were going to pay them for their labors... and STILL they wanted to do it! Only when we informed them that they would actually have to WATCH these films did their grisly glee dim to dark despair. By that time though, it was too late for our scare scholars to go back on their respective words, so—with heavy hearts and bloodshot eyes—they presented us with the following roster of the celluloid damned...

THE WORLD'S FIFTY WORST MONSTER FILMS EVER

BY JASON THOMAS
& JOE KANE

The following is a list of what we consider to be the very worst horror films ever made. Of course, any such list is bound to be a highly subjective one, and the slight flicks that appear on said list do not necessarily reflect the views of the TMT staff, management or even the writers of this piece. And while we recognize the right of qualified experts to present an opposing view, that doesn't mean we'll respect that right and grant any equal time. In fact, we think it's pretty nice of us to even recognize it.

When we first set about compiling a list of horrible horror films, we came up with well over a hundred titles. There have been so many really bad horror films that the only way we could narrow it down to what we felt were the 50 absolute worst was by eliminating any film that exhibited so much as a single spark of intelligence, that contained even one adequate scene, or featured performances that rose, even if ever so

slightly, above the level of the abysmal. Also, we didn't want to come up with a list of films so obscure that TMT readers had probably never heard of any of them. For example, only a couple of the early bloodfrenzy movies of the 60s are represented here, mainly because we feel they don't deserve to dominate anything—not even a list of the 50 worst films. We've also stuck largely to American films, since bad dubbing can make a merely mediocre monster movie seem more terrible than it really is (there are a few exceptions, though, of foreign films).

Carnade in
BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE.



atrocious enough to make this list anyway).

Since most of these films are equally bad, we've listed them in alphabetical order, rather than order of incompetence. Each title is followed by the year it was made and, wherever possible, the name of its director. Sharp-eyed readers will note that there are a goodly number of directional repetitions on the list—Larry Buchanan appears no fewer than 7 times, while William Beaudine is a four-time loser, and Herschel G. Lewis, Jerry Warren, William Girdle (mentioned on page 19) and Edward G. Wood Jr. all put in more than one appearance.

At any rate, these are our choices for the worst horror films ever made. You can compare our list to your own or hang it on your wall or leave it crumpled beyond recognition in some forgotten corner of your home, according to your wants. Just don't come complaining to us if you see one or more of your favorite films on this list.

1. ASTOUNDING SHE MONSTER (1958). Ronnie Ashcroft. The title character spends a lot of time pursuing the rest of the tiny cast through the woods, while an offscreen narrator tries desperately to hold some kind of plot together. Recommended as a late-night sleeping aid only. With Robert Clarke, Karne Duncan, Margie Harey.

2. ASTRO ZOMBIES (1968). T.V. Mikels. John Carnade and his demented hunchbacked handman produce baby-generated "astro zombies" in a dingy basement lab while



government agents beat notorious foreign spies with both Russian and Mexican accents. Its chief crime is its 94-minute running time. See TMT #6 for further details. With John Carnade, Wendell Corey, Tura Satana, Retael Campos.

3. ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES (1959). Bernard L. Kowalski. The first ten minutes are fairly good, but then the plot takes an enormous dip into subterranean depths. The most expensive items used are a few small explosives and two cheap-looking leech costumes that are supposed to be intelligent and bloodthirsty! With Ken Clark, Yvette Vickers, Bruno Bressa.

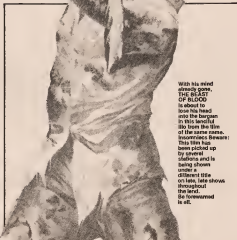


Bela being bullied in
BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE.

4. BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA (1953). William Beaudine. The two good guy "actors" are subhuman copies of Marlon and Lewis. The plot is so bad that Lugosi must have really been desperate to do this one [He was... see TMT #27]. To make things worse, the story made no sense in the middle: With Bela Lugosi, Duke Mitchell, Sammy Pinillo, Marlon Landers.

5. BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA (1965). William Beaudine. It had to happen sometime. The film works so hard at being bad that it's not even good camp, although there are a number of classic bad lines. With John Carnade, Bing Russell, Melinda Ploewman, Chuck Courtney.

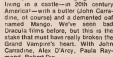
6. BLOOD FEAST (1963). Herschel Gordon Lewis. The first of a long line of bloodfrenzy movies, this one set the sickening standard the others have, unfortunately, lived up to. The bloodfrenzy adventures of a mad Egyptian castrator were covered in detail in TMT #24. With Connie Mason, Thomas Wood, Scott Arnold.



With his mind
about gone,
THE BLOOD
OF DRACULA
is about to
be his head
into the bargain
in this swindle
the from the film
of the same name.
Successive scenes!
This film has
been picked up
by several
studios and is
being shown
under a different
title on late shows
throughout
the land.
Be forewarned
it is.



7. BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE (1968). Al Korman. Not counting skateflicks, this is probably the very worst Dracula movie ever made. Debonair Orac and his aging mate are living in a castle—in 20th century America—with a butler (John Carnade, of course) and a demented old named Mango. We've seen bad Dracula movies before, but this is the stink that must have really broken the Dark Vampire's heart. With John Carnade, Alex D'Arcy, Paula Raymond, Robert Day.



8. BRICK OF THE MONSTER (1966). Edward G. Wood Jr. This, one of Lugosi's best features, is a real loser. He's a scientist who's trying to turn men (and women) into madmen called "Lobo" (For Johnson, who was a mindless giant to begin with, is the

CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE



end, Lugosi suffers the same two shortly before he's eaten up by a rubber octopus. With Bela Lugosi, Ed Parker, William Benedict, Lonnie King.

9. CAPE CANAVERAL MONSTERS (1960). Phil Tucker. The title for this winner should have been TEENAGE GENIUSES MEET THE CAPE CANAVERAL CREEPS. The only good thing about this mangled alien invasion garbage is the ending, mostly because it's just that. With Scott Peters, Katherine Victor, Jason Johnson.

10. CAPTIVE WOMEN (1962). Stuart Gilmore. A vision of a Fun City of the future (20th century) that's even more horrible than the present one. This rip-off, plodding effort features barbarians and mutants—victims of atomic warfare—battling it out in the wrecked subway stations of a desecrated New York City. With schlock it's loaded With Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, William Schaller, Ron Randell.

11. CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON (1954). Arthur Hilton. Enjoyably terrible trick has usual crew of bland, sexual 50s specimen land on planet inhabited solely by beautiful "babes." They're greeted with a casual "Welcome to the moon," delivered in great deadpan style. With Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory, Marjorie Windsor, William Shopp.

12. CREATURE OF DESTRUCTION (1967). Larry Buchanan. A cheap, awful remake of SHE CREATURE,

Continued on next page



ASTRO
ZOMBIES...
a real science
shocker from 1968

which wasn't terribly terrible the first time around. The production looks like it was scripted and directed by a talentless hack (which it was). The "monster," which was also employed in IT'S ALIVE!, is a wet suit with claws attached and a funny face painted on. With Lee Tremayne, Pat Delaney, Aron Kiscad.

13. CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE (1966). Larry Buchanan. This is another zinger that's reserved for the late, late show. John Agar's worst film to date, in which he does nothing but sit around and smoke cigarettes. The most elaborate thing in the show is a 106 ft long mask. With John Agar, Francine Roy, Bill Thurman.

14. DEATH CURSE OF TARTU (1967). William Greer. A group of people meet up with a zombie who can assume the form of any living creature on Earth. Sounds good, but it wasn't. A lot of animals guest-star in this fiasco, and they seem to be more intelligent than the actors. Incidentally, even the conclusion of this book is unacceptably. With Fred Finero, Babette Sheritt, Sherman Hayes.

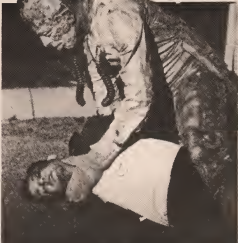


An accused SWAMP CREATURE

15. DR. TERROR'S GALLERY OF HORROR (1967). David L. Hewitt. Not an atrocious tale, but five of them! Awful acting, stolen plots, wooden dialogue, poor color, abysmal directing, atrocious etc. with John Carradine and Lon Chaney, with West Buchanan, Roger Gentry, Wo Mcdade.

16. THE EVIL BRIDE FROM SPACE (1968). Choji Akasaka. Japan outdoes itself with this one. The monsters come close to being good, but the heroes, plot, script and direction (did I forget anything?) are incredibly bad. Throughout the film, Starman, an Oriental superhero, goes to practice aerobics with the agile villains and lions obvious dummies around. With Ken Utsui, Junko Kauchi, Reiko Seto.

17. THE EYE CREATURES (1965). Larry Buchanan. This is a grade Z remake of INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN, which was bad enough in its original form. In this version, the "teenagers" have been replaced by young men, the Air Force personnel are unusually slow-witted, and the creatures have shot up in the size. Don't even see the original, although it was better. With John Ashley, Shirley McLean, Cynthia Hall.



FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER

18. FIRE MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE (1958). Cy Roth. Except for the classical music and the neo-looking ladies, there's nothing enjoyable about this dud. The descendants of Atlantis are alive and well on another planet, menaced by a nut in black lights and a Halloween mask! The producer risked his entire fortune by buying real smoke bombs for this low-budget catastrophe. With Anthony Dexter, Paul Carpenter, Susan Shaw.

19. FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER (1965). Robert Gaffney. This was supposedly meant to be tongue-in-cheek, and it sure succeeded! Franky is a crazy robot, the monster is a clumsy mauler, the actors and actresses are emotionless, and the plot is asinine. And it all takes place in Puerto Rico. With James Karen, Marilyn Hamid, David Korman.



Godzilla turns the radioactive bomb on the Smog Monster, an ecological horror who lampoons Tokyo in '71. Big G, far left, will doubtless change up with best of his choice.

20. GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER (1971). This could have been good as a straight flick, but somebody decided to make it into an idiotic kiddie show! The villainous smog-eater is a original and kinda cute, but the theme song can drive you right up a ceiling. Sorry, Big G, fans. With Godzilla, Smog Monster.

21. HOMICIDAL (1961). William Castle. While not a cheap quackie like most of the films cited here nor, in honesty, HOMICIDAL still managed to create an atmosphere of sufficient mystique to make this list. The brutal depictions of an elderly

woman was the picture's high point in terms of revulsion. With Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin, James Westfield, Jean Ariles.

22. HONOR OF PARTY BEACH (see page 3).

23. I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (1971). David Burton. Horace Bones, an insane rabidistic killer, leads a band of crazed "hippies" on an orgy of bloodsucking. As neat as it is offensive. With Bhaskar, Jaeline Wong.

24. I EAT YOUR SKIN (1964). Del Tenney. Not as bad as I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, this flick about hungry zombies and evil voodoo don't on a Caribbean island is a little enough in go down right to warrant a spot on this list. From the same people who brought you HORROR OF PARTY BEACH. With William Joyce, Heather Hewitt, Walter Coy.

movie ever made. Two dogfists try to be funny (and fail terribly) when captured by a pair of imbeciles and their walking staid-man. The stock footage from TV's ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER is unplayable for nostalgia freaks, but that only lasts a few seconds. With Bob Ball, Frankie Ray, Gloria Victor, Dolores Reed.

27. IT'S ALIVE! (1968). Larry Buchanan. Crazy man captures people and feeds them to a fellow wearing a ludicrous monkey suit with teeth. (Shades of CREATURE OF DESTRUCTION) This one is so bad that TV doesn't even let it last 1:00 as the morning. With Tommy Kirk, Shirley Jones, Carver Austerhaus.

28. JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (1966). William Bradridge. You can't fight the inevitable! Jesse James sees bravery sticked turned into a monster named "Igor" and confronts the mad Marni Frankenstein while cardboard sets continually threaten to topple as mid-speed. With John Lupton, Cal Bolter, Nando Oryx.

29. KILLER SHREWS (1959). Ray Kellogg. The old SOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES gimmick is used in this imbecilic production. Award medals are laid onto angry dogs who are probably angry because of the masks, and we're expected to believe that the giant shrews! With James Best, Ingrid Goudie, Ken Curtis.

30. LATITUDE ZERO (1962). Imhotep. Honda Cesar Romero is at his worst in this inept science-fiction "thriller." The usual spacey breakneck the sea is used in the picture, and it's being menaced by Romero and his mutated dogs. Remember the good old days, when he and Joseph Cotton (yup, he's in it too) used to be fairly good? With Romero, John Lupton, With Akira Takarada, Patricia Medina, Richard Jaeckel.

31. MONSTER A GO-GO (1965). The title alone should keep away anyone with any shyness. It's the usual astronaut-gets-up-normal-and-come-down-strange theme, the time having the spaceman in a real ugly chap to about 50 feet tall, it's a combination of the worst elements of a number of flicks, and rather revolting. With Phil Morison, Gene Travis, George Perry.

32. MONSTER FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR (1958). Wyott Ostrum. This one had good potential, but the script could have used a lot more appearances by the monster. We almost never see it. When we finally do see the thing, it's nothing but a small monster being manipulated by very weak strings! With Anne Kimball, Stuart Wade, Wyott Ostrum.

33. MONSTER FROM THE SURF (1958). BEACH GIRLS MEET THE MONSTERS (1960). Jon Hall. Jon Hall attempts to relieve audience boredom by coming out and doing in local locales. Incredibly cheap, slow and dull-witted. Watch it if you must—but you'll hate yourself in the morning. With Sam Casey, Walker Edmiston, Read Morgan.

34. MONSTROSTY (1964). Joseph Mascetti. Apt title for abominable film about transplanting old lady's brain into bodies of able-bodied maids. Even the zombies are duller than usual. With Frank Gensler, Erika Peters, Judy Bantler.

35. MY SON, THE VAMPIRE (1952). John Gilling. Another Lugosi loser. He's supposed to be a vampire, but may not be. In any event, he's a mad scientist who's out to get a transatlantic. The robot is cute, but too easily dismantled. Made as a British comedy, it's actually rather glib. With Lugosi, Arthur Lucan, Hattie Jacques.

36. NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTER (1960). Michael "Honey" Baker. "Actors" are considerably less talented than the plants (and they're fake). The two harried heroes are worth ogling at, if that's your bent, but they don't appear in enough of the footage. Read a book instead. With Anthony Esley, Manne Van Dorn, Pamela Mason, Bill Gray.

37. PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE (1959). Edward D. Wood, Jr. Just before he died, Bela Lugosi made some scenes for the sci-fi dud. Tor Johnson (who talks for a moment) and Vampira are also cast as zombies raised from their graves by alien invaders. The script and everything else were highly flimsy—in making Plan 9 one of the biggest wastes of time ever. With Gregory Walcott, Lita Tobot, Moma McKinnon.



38. QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE (1956). Edward Bernds. Bland 50's space crew crash-lands on Venus and find Zsa Zsa Gabor, the only Venusian with a Hungarian accent. "Now could a bunch of women come up with a gumbo like that?" asks crew member about scientific mention. Not only is the film terrible, but as it is to boot! With Eric Ernie, Laurie Mitchell, Paul Brock.

39. SANTA CLAUZ CONQUERS THE MARTIANS (1964). Nicholas Webster. Absolutely the worst science-fiction look ever made, but none! With John Call, Leonard Hicks.

40. SCARED TO DEATH (1947). Chrisy Cabanne. BORED TO DEATH would be a more appropriate title for this "sleeper" (narrated by a woman's corpse, no less). We wish we could say this was Bela Lugosi's worst, but he went on to top himself in BRIDE OF THE MONSTER and other terror turkeys. With Lugosi, George Zucco, Joyce Cozzano.

41. THE EYE CREATURES (1965). Larry Buchanan. This is a grade Z remake of INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN, which was bad enough in its original form. In this version, the "teenagers" have been replaced by young men, the Air Force personnel are unusually slow-witted, and the creatures have shot up in the size. Don't even see the original, although it was better. With John Ashley, Shirley McLean, Cynthia Hall.

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"Haven't I seen me someplace before???"

THE CREATURE OF DESTRUCTION tore a striking resemblance to the creature from IT'S ALIVE! — The film, a rather remake of the already troped THE CREATING, also bore many a resemblance to monster fan.

41. SHE DEMONS (1959). Richard Cushing. Drugged Nazi scientist debiles in test tube experiments that result in the creation of the title creatures. Bad acting and direction. Perfectly complement abominable script. With Tod Griffin, Irish McCalla, Victor Sen Yung.

42. SLIME PEOPLE (1983). Robert Hutton. The creatures are walking garbage heaps with spurs. They are come up from beneath the earth to take over, and they're super-strong and nearly indestructible. And powerful, too. But they only come up in one place, and at the end of the movie the sloppy, slushy things are thrown back into the soil—probably by the terrible script. With Robert Hutton, Susan Hart, Robert Burton.

43. TASTE OF FLESH (1967). Herschel G. Lewis. A slug from a bottle of Dracula's blood turns a businessman into a vampire. This one gets our vote as THE all-time worst horror movie, not only because of its appalling ineptitude but because of its 2 hour running time. That's right—120 minutes of unspeakable boredom. Absolutely unforgetable. With Bill Rogers, Thomas Wood, Gail Jones.

Musard from the YEAR 2000.

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44. TEENAGE ZOMBIES (1966). Jerry Warren. Dumb apes fulfill Nixon's dream by learning how to turn people into obedient robots. Some mindless teenagers manage to turn the tables on the villains and save the free world for eternal, rather than foreign, manipulation. So hoist a flag, already! With Don Sullivan, Steve Corle, Katherine Victor.

45. UNDEAKER AND HIS PALS (1967). David C. Grohman. Tassels slash disguised as comedy serves as another cinematic excuse to maul, maim and mutilate a slew of hapless heroines. Former movie star Robert Lowery puts in an embarrassed cameo appearance. With Lowery, Ray Dennis, Warren Ott, Bud Futsen.

46. UNTAMED WOMEN (1952). Maie Cornell. Enraptured grotesque yam about shipwrecked crew landing on island teeming with prehistoric monsters (all stock footage), hairy cavemen, and untamed women. Contains the immortal line, "Shoot anything with has that more." With Doris Merick, Mike Conrad, Morgan Jones.

47. VODOO MAN. (1944) William Blandine. Anyone who lines through seeing this stooily wonders why a voodoo priest would work in a gas station. The flick could have been a lot worse, but it was saved by the fact that it was only an hour long. Probably Caradine's first bad role, although Lupul was quite good in it. Despite the far efforts of Bova and George Tuzco, however, the film was a real loser. With Wanda McKay, Henry Hall.

48. YEAR—2889 (1966) Larry Buchanan. A rotten remake of DAY THE WORLD ENDED, which could have used some help as it was. This version is far worse, however, because of non-actors and crummy make-up. With Paul Peterson, Charla Dourly, Quinn O'Hair.

49. ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY (1945) Gordon Douglas. Two zany conduct a zombie hunt for a New York night club act, but run into interference in the form of Bela Lugosi, a prisoner of yet another Grade 2 movie. The only good thing about the film is its title, which sounds more like a scene write in our book. With Wally Brown, Alan Carney, Sheldon Leonard.

50. ZONTAR, THE THING FROM VENUS (1966). Larry Buchanan. A rotten remake of IT CONQUERED THE WORLD. By not sticking to new versions of already terrible films, Buchanan's cinematic crimes become more serious. See the original instead, which wasn't terrible—on the contrary, it was perfectly mediocre. With John Agar, Anthony Houston, Susan Bjurman.

DISHONORABLE MENTIONS:
BEAST OF BLOOD, BLOOD THIRST, BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHERS, BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT, BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE, CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, COLOR ME BLOOD RED, CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA, CITY OF THE BANSHEE, CURSE OF NOSTRADAMUS, DAY THE EARTH FREEZE, DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS, DIABOLICAL DR. Z, DISEMPOWERED, DUNGEON OF HORROR, EGGHAI, FLYING SERPENT, FRANKENSTEIN 1970, FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER, FROM HELL IT CAME, GHOSTLY ONES, GHOST OF DRAGHSTIR, HOLLOW, HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER, I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, INCREDIBLE PETRIFFIED WORLD, INVASION USA, KING DINGSAUR, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, MESA OF LOST WOMEN, MISSILE TO THE MOON, RETURN OF THE APENAMANS, TERROR, VOYAGE TO THE PLANET OF PREHISTORIC WOMEN, WASP WOMAN, WIZARD OF MARS and many, many more

Dark attempts to terrorize transvestite Arthur Leelan in MY SON, THE VAMPIRE



GHOST WRITING IN BLOOD VALLERY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

then cast the actor's face and head in plaster to make a mold so that he could create realistic, life-like rubber masks of Flagg's screen character Mad Dog Click. When Carston later received shipments of these masks, he sprayed them with a phosphorescent spray and then had cardboard cutouts. Carston, however, a former professional magician, sent the packages out to theaters that were going to play THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE. And during the run of the film at the theatre, the managers would hire local fellows, or even use his own ushers, to wear the Mad Dog Click masks, wave the axes, and run

special effects

A HORRIFYING HISTORY

Jim Harmon and I partially scripted THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS and the film has about as unusual a history as any of Ray Dennis Steckler's movies.

Originally, THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS was a full length feature film called THE LEMON GROVE KIDS AT THE BIG RACE. A family film about a group of neighborhood teenagers headed by Slug O'Houlihan (Mike Karam) and Gopher (Casha Flagg) who become involved with Doc Harzak (Coleman Francis) and a Lemon Grove man, car making heavy bets on a carnival day race in which the Lemon Groves were to race their big mals. Killer Krump (Gopher Robins was a killer) and to insure Big Ed's winning a lot of



Steckler's THE TEENAGE PSYCHO MEETS BLOOD MARY didn't require a new scene, but it was the first full-length feature to be filmed in black and white, and to require new

out into the audience whenever the springing hyacinth would appear on screen.

Carston's special handling of THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE was very successful wherever it has played, particularly at the Sky Hi Cinema in Las Vegas in 1971 where the film racked up the biggest boxoffice the drive-in had seen in

money from the race, the Saboteur (Ed McMillen) went to work setting up all sorts of obstacles for the Lemon Groves to overcome. These obstacles included wrong-way signs, kidnappings, atomic bomb plots and, during the course of the frenetic race, Gopher of the Lemon Groves even ran into some monsters—The Mad Mummy and Kogor the Gani.

After Steckler finished THE LEMON GROVE KIDS AT THE BIG RACE he decided to cut it down from a feature film to a thirty minute short called THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS. But even though Joe Carston was able to secure some "A" slot bookings for the short, and even added a stage show to the film, most theatres weren't interested in short films. Meanwhile, Steckler had filmed another Lemon Grove short, THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER FROM OUTER SPACE AND THE VAMPIRE

more than eight months. Besides THE MANIACS ARE LOOSE, Joe Carston has been distributing Steckler's THE TEENAGE PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY and THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS in similar, unorthodox fashion. But while Carston's special brand of showmanship had paid off well for those films, he said that the next Steckler release, SUPER COOL, a mod private eye film involving a girl in a snakeskin costume, the theft of \$100,000 worth of uncult jewels, and an amateur detective whose dad is Humphrey Bogart—this film will probably be released without any

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LADY, which featured a Green Grasshopper Man, Carston Brandt as the lady vampire, a flying saucer and even magic wands that could make people disappear instantly, and Carston took this second Lemon Grove short, edited it into the original short, which, of course, had originally been a full length film, and then released it as THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS.

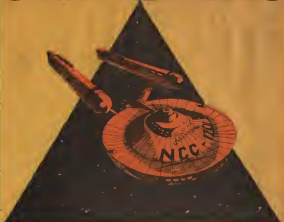
Is this any way to make a monster movie you ask. Well, if you happen to be Ray Dennis Steckler, then the answer is yes!

NEXT ISSUE!

Unless you're cheating by peeking at a copy which you haven't even bought yet, you've just suffered through our long-threatened and finally delivered All-Worst Issue. Next time we'll be taking you away from all this end back into the Wonderful World of High Quality with our special All-World-Conquering, All-Mind-Controlling, All-Menacing, ALL-MARTIAN ISSUE. That's right, an entire issue devoted to the dire denizens and eagle-hearted explorers of the Angry Red Planet.

Among our Martian highlights will be a detailed filmbook on H.G. Wells' WAR OF THE WORLDS, considered by many to be the best Martian movie ever made. We'll also be presenting an in-depth survey of most (if not all) Mars-oriented movies ever to make it to the screen, plus a close look at a controversial classic, INVADERS FROM MARS. Ray Bradbury will be aboard for our Mars Trek to our his views on life on this and other planets. Ron Haydock

STAR TREK LIVES



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By now everybody knows it—STAR TREK LIVES! And the people that made it come alive are holding another convention—THE THIRD ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION.

This special guests at this year's convention will be DeForest Kelley (Dr. McCoy) Nichelle Nichols (Lt. Uhura), George Takei (Lt. Sulu) and Walter Koenig (Ensign Chekov).

Where is this year's Con going to be held? Well, to accommodate the 16,000 expected attendees, we've rented out the world-renowned AMERICANA HOTEL in Mid-Town New York City for the four day Trek-in, which runs from Friday, February 15th through Monday, the 18th.

Along with our honored guests, we've got a gaggle of other goodies that you've come to expect from the INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CON. film apisodes from the STAR TREK program; a large, spacious dealers' room, loaded with the latest of STAR TREK material; an art show, NASA Displays and a LIFE-SIZED mock up of the bridge of the U.S.S. Enterprise. It does everything but fly. Special Surprise guests. We've also a load of special exhibits and film showing that we're not at liberty to tell you about yet. You'll just have to be there.

To get in on all the fun, write for our free Progress Report, which will contain all pertinent information about the convention. The address to write is: S.T.C., Box 3127, New York, New York 10016.

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STAR TREK LIVES

contributes a piece on Martian make-ups, and other stimulating stories will focus on Martians in the Comics, Martian bubble gum cards and even THE 3 STOOGES IN ORBIT, a film that saw that durable trio battle a crew of unlikeli Martians.

Our All-Martian issue will be out of this world, to say the least. So next time you find yourself rocketing by your friendly neighborhood newstand, remember to pause long enough to pick up a copy. You don't wanna be among the Angry Red Readers to miss it, do you?

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